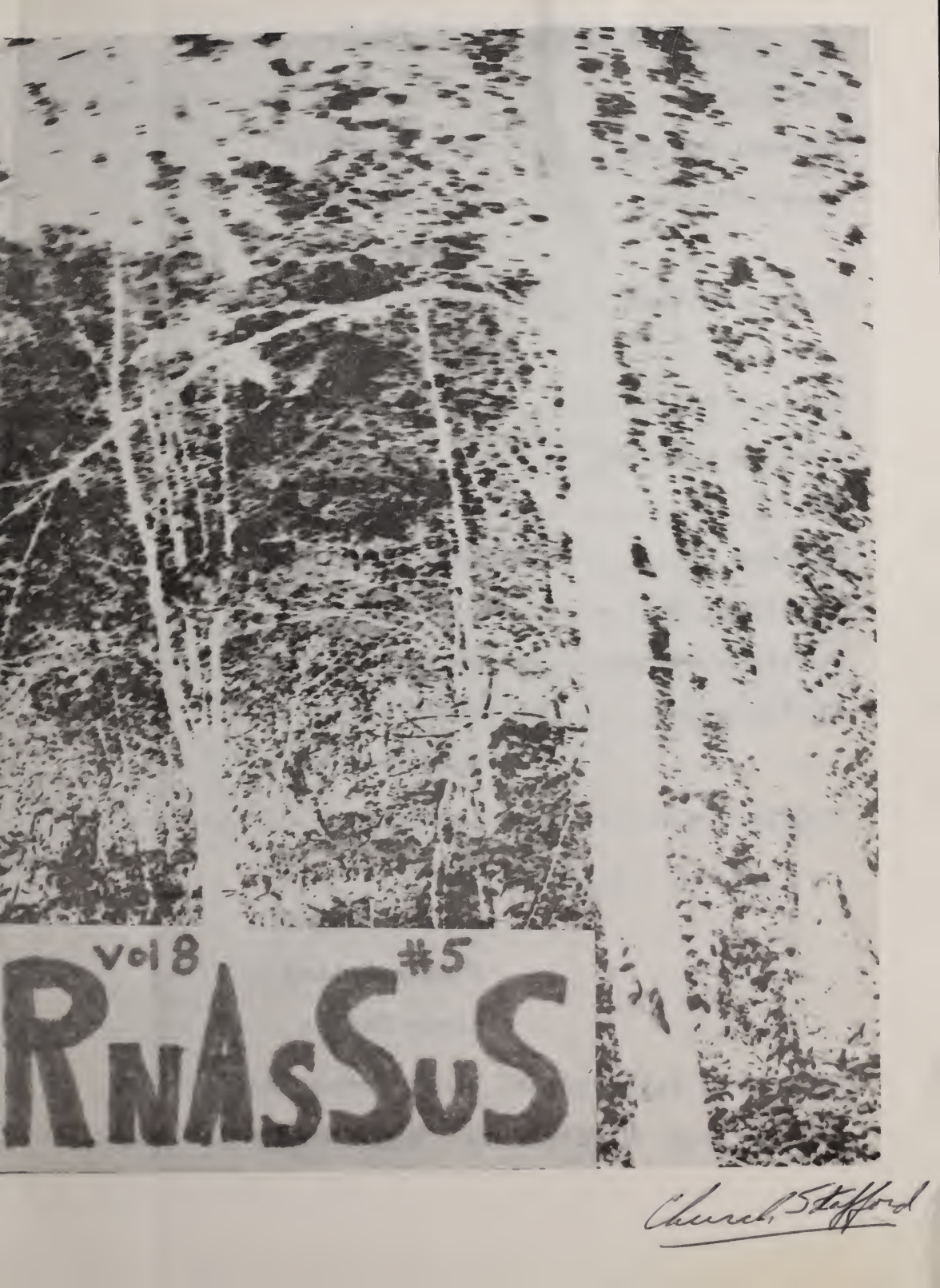




Vol 8 #5
RNASUS

Church, Stafford

The Staff:

General Editor.....Mike Langevin

Prose Editors.....Tom Hellman

James Kelly

Poetry Editors.....Stephen Hahn

Madeline Dinges

Ecology Editor.....Dawn Wedgewood

Women's Movement

Editor.....Maggie White

Artwork.....Mary Weslowski

Political Editor.....Earl Camire

Public Relations.....Donna Lariviere

Photographs.....James Kelly

Peter Merlin

Typing.....Kathy Berry

Susan Campolini

Gloria Faignoli

Joanne Boland

Linda Childs

Advisors: Val Paradise Linda Kraus Bernie Horn

Phil Giroux Gladys Hamm Peggy Murphy et al

Here in the scuffled dust
is our ground of play.

I lift you on your swing and must
shove you away,
see you return again,
drive you off again, then

stand quiet till you come.

You, though you climb
higher, farther from me, longer,
will fall back to me stronger.
Bad penny, pendulum,
you keep my constant time

to bob in blue July

Where fat goldfinches fly
over the glittering, fecund
reach of our growing lands.

Once more now, this second,
I hold you in my hands.

ANALYSIS OF "HEART'S NEEDLE, PART 7"

The poem uses an activity, parent pushing child on a swing as an extended image to be compared with another situation of back and forth movement between parent and child. In the first line he begins in an even colorless tone. Things are presented as they are, and the playground is not merry "in the scuffled dust." "I lift you to your swing," picks up the pace and changes the tone to gentle gentle emotion. Then "must" builds force to "shove you away", angry bitterness that thrusts. The tone then moves back with the swing and the man's emotion to passive "see you return again," which is given added sorrow from previous experience.. "Drive you off again, then" comes explosively after accumulated frustration. In the last stanza an even rhythm begins to carry along with new energy at a faster pace, then stops abruptly at "this second " This affects the reader like

the pain of sudden impact. "I held you in my arms" happens with an emphasis that is nearly physical.

This poem captures an anguishing experience as suffered by a father who is separated by divorce from his child. It illustrates the traumatic effects that result from un-natural arrangements, such as having to visit ones own child.

As it happened I learned of the poet's intention and theme before reading the poem. I am not certain that I would have reached as detailed an account without that previous knowledge. Perhaps I would not have been led to the final conclusions that refer specifically to "divorce and visitation privileges. However the poem presents itself with such clarity, that a proper interpretation is virtually ensured and the reader must arrive only at the intended meaning. Disregarding that background information, the picture remains the same, with a parent suffering separation from child. This general theme, manipulated by

stress and implication should lead to understanding of specific meaning.

Within this poem there is a mixture of tone working harmoniously towards a common end which is the total effect as a whole. That total tone produces a tired ironic voice. Tone differences also work rhythmically. Intergrated levels of emotion, created by precise word sets of varying tone, rise and fall to invoke a swinging sensation that carries from line to line. Natural rhythm of mixed meter moves at a pace controlled by word emphasis. There are three stanzas with a separate set of two lines between stanzas two and three. There is a rhyme scheme which goes, AB AB CC for the first stanza; AB CC for the second and AA BC BC for the third. The rhyme remains at constant ease throughout, never intruding upon content. Flexibly it belongs to the poem.

It seems that every word in this poem is the right word, in the right order. The words are plain but tremendously effective as they are used. Also the accurate expression of

feeling in the poem seems to be perfect in the sense that it is real, alive and capable of being felt. The experience is shared. It is ironic truth that is recognizable, as we see the source of great love being the source of great pain as well. The father knows how the anticipated "swing back" reunion will enhance his suffering, so his reactions are tempered by restraint. Sorrow prevails even over reunions, where joy is limited within bounds of a shadow cast by looming reality of harsh facts.

It shows how the most intense emotions are very often toned down. They must be toned down, so as not to become suicidal indulgence that would defy logic of self-preservation by not submitting to control of conflicting surroundings. Thus, we have a perfect metaphor, "Bad penny, pendulum." What could say love and agony better than, than that? Set up by a series of the harrowing, then even, back and forth battering away at emotions, the line comes, colorless, flat, like half of a

bad joke. We know the depth of his feeling,
so this must be taken as a safe, controlled
response, so heavily charged with love and
pain as to be protectively submerged be-
neath an emotionless surface.

Madeline R. Dinges

"SLIDING, GLIDING"

BY DAVE PARKINS

SLIDING GLIDING SLITHERING SUCKED
DOWN WHIN ELECTRIC LINES, FLOURESCENT GUIDES.
WE DESCEND TO THE VALLEY VAPORS
A SNIVERING NIGHTTIME SANTUARY,
CROUCHED LOW AGAINEST THE LAND.

AHEAD, CAR HEADLIGHTS, NOW ANGRY ELECTRIC EELS,
SURFACE SHOOT PAST US IN BRILLIANT GLIMMERING FLASH.
THE LONG LABORED OFFSPRING OF SOFTSHINE EDDYING
LIGHT POOLS.

WE SLIDE BY THEM ASTRIDE A FALLEN CONCRETE PILLER,
RIGHT ANGLED, EFFICIENT, RESOLUTE,
MAN'S MIGHTY SCORE, SEARED ON THE LAND.

IN THE COOL CREAM MILKY NIGHT VASTNESS,
WE RIDE THAT WOUND,
NOW SOOTHED BY THE NIGHTTIME MIST
AND THE COLD, ENCOMPASSING SKY.

KAHIL GIBRAN -- A SEEKER OF SILENCES AM I

The Prophet, a parable written by Kahlil Gibran, tells a story of Almustafa who is leaving the city and people of Orphalese after twelve years of silent living and learning among them. Before boarding "his ship" and to leave for "the isle of his birth." Almustafa shares the knowledge he has gained these past twelve years with townsfolk of Orphalese by commenting on their questions asked about the principles of living and of living together. Almustafa sails away to the hallelujahs of all the people of Orphalese but one -- Almitra, a seeress, who stands silent and alone remembering a prophecy of Almustafa

The philosophic meandering of Kahlil Gibran flows from a well of mental serenity which goes below the corrupted facades of people and their respective social organizations to the deeper, universal, and pure waters of realness. A drink from his well furnishes insights to the state of affairs of contemporary mankind -- a means of measurement of the void between realness and the realities of today. A defined real-ity, "vague and nebulous", not a man-made hell or an impractical utopia is Kahlil Gibran's wish.

Kahlil Gibran strips away the trappings of mankind's institutionalization of the realness of love/marriage, teaching, religion. freedom, work, pleasure, beauty, ...in a way that echoes the call of Henry David Thoreau, eminent eccentric of Concord, to simplify, simplify, simplify.

It is one thing to become aware of realness and to expect Real-ity's vague simplicity; it is a different matter, and difficult to act, really live, your realness when entangled, as we all are to some degree, by the contemporary psuedo-realities confronting us. Awareness that there is a reality of life other than the confusing psuedo-realities institutionalized by contemporary man is the hearing of a different drummer- Kahlil Gibran has set a beat, "vague and nebulous", the individual can determine his own marchstep.

"People of Orphalese, you can muffle the drum, and you can loosen the strings of the lyre, but who shall command the sky-lark not to sing?"

Doug Sheehan

Douglas Heubler: an exhibition of conceptual art at the Museum of Fine Arts Boston.

I went to this show expecting pretty much what I saw. That's always a bad sign. Even a show of old masters is likely to turn up something new, but conceptual art never seems to present anything that is a real departure from its former state. Many of us thought (and hoped) that Yoko Ono's Grapefruit was the last word in conceptual art, but Heubler has found means of extending this art form, without Yoko's flare.

It seems to me that conceptual art is a contradiction in terms, if not in reality. There is no art without some sort of conceptual formulation precedent to and existing in the work, but there is no purely conceptual formulation which can exist by, of, and for itself, and still retain the appearance which is necessary for art. All art must have sensual content. This is no new revelation, it is as old as Plato. Heubler recognizes the necessity for somekind of content, which exists in his case as "evidence" of the conceptual process. His point is, if I understand him correctly, that there is no such thing as "brute fact"; rather everything is a concept. A few philosophers have tried this approach, and are generally no longer read. An art which denies sensual content as does Heubler's, denies itself as art.

Of all the pieces presented, I found only (two?) to be unified statements of concepts in any way interesting. Those two were the identical facing pinholes which penetrated a sheet of white paper, and the picture of a street sign in Los Angeles (?) with attendant details concerning its movement through space. As regards the first, I believe Heubler is in error. For one thing a line which travel through the paper at a ninety degree angle would not circle the earth, rather it would

distance and take considerably longer than the time allotted for its' return (i.e. an infinity.) It was a nice try though.

Overall the exhibition was a marvelous flop. It would have been something if Heubler had said I deny art, my only art consists in evading the premises of art. But he didn't. His statements show a pretentious disdain for the creation of objects. (How do you live Mr. Heubler, except in a universe of created objects?) He claims that what he is doing has objective validity as art, and yet fails to do anything more than annotate random occasions poorly and, often, inaccurately. One could say that all art is such annotation, but this would be to neglect the subjective emotional formulation of such art (which makes it important to the being who breathes first, then thinks,) and to deny its' existential and cultural (in the antropologists sense) value.

By far the most conceptual of all artifacts displayed was Mr. Heubler's signature which appeared everywhere.

Stephen Hahn

Nature by Carol Polizotti

In term --mother
So imperfect, yet
omnipotent.
Taking charge
of human existance.
Have you the right?
Why is it you,
who shall decide??
Man takes your decisions
and believes.
"What can I do?" he says.
I find it hard, yet,
I too, can only accept.

Come Saturday Morning...

One Saturday morning as the brisk air had wakened me from my restless sleep, I lie in my bed with the covers pulled over my head, thinking. A feeling of deprivation had caught me; I was thinking of an escape. Park! flashed into my head. I set out to find peace of mind there; as it had comforted me before. I slipped into my clothes and tiptoed past my parents room cautiously so I wouldn't be asked any questions, such as, "What are you crazy? Get in here; it's not even 8:00."

As I tiptoed down the stairs, my arm which was hardly awake, hit a white statue that was kept in the hall. I was startled and my whole body jerked. I quickly looked around to make sure no one had discovered me. The house was still. I proceeded with caution. I quietly opened the back door and began my search for something that would ease my mind. As I walked, I thought; my problem became larger than before. I decided to wave my energies in another direction. As I looked at the ground, I noticed my dungarees were saturated from the morning mist; my science class came to mind.

I quickly erased that thought and moved my eyes in the direction of a small figure. Moving closer I recognized the figure as a little boy with his head cupped in his hands, his shirt tail hanging sloppily out of his pants, holding a little brown bag, which I imagined was his survival kit. As I approached him, his wide eyes glanced slowly from the top of my head to the tip of my toes. I then attempted to make conversation. My efforts weren't quite successful until I hit a subject we both felt strongly about. We found that we both felt really sad and in the next second he pulled out two peanut butter sandwiches from his survival kit and we began a new friendship which helped us both escape our problems together.

Pam Oliver

THE MUTANT

We call him Joseph. His function on earth is to do the manual toils of one of the many industries to which his kind are assigned.

Strange how he walks with head lowered, how he works, unlike us, without attempting any conversation. Yes, he is truly a servant.

Well, that dirty work has to be done, and we surely wouldn't lower ourselves to do it. I guess there will always be certain jobs, which we elite refuse to do; so, thank God for Joseph and his kind.

Here he comes now, pushing that big cart holding 2000 pounds of the newest textiles that Man and his infinite knowledge, have been able to create. That's really remarkable fabric. Surely, a hell of a lot better than the stock our clothes were made of when we were kids. That new material is really fantastic!

Here he is, his face is lifeless, emotionless, his eyes are dead. Joseph and his kind are quietly frightening!

"Hi, Joseph."

"Good afternoon, Sir."

"How are you, Joseph?"

"Fine, Sir."

He grunts and groans, and pushes the cart onward... .

Joseph wasn't in today. He died last night, a lonely, 67-year-old man, separated from his once-alive family and friends, working on in the mill just to survive.

Al Sunskis

there was blood in my veins.
Where there is
life
there **must** be
Life
so I spread my tissue wings:
brightness and splendor.
I BE! I AM!
Softly
soundlessly
aimlessly
fluttering;
That is **how** you found me.
When you see a butterfly now,
how can I tell you about
that pitiful that was me?
Sometimes I wonder
if you are
a
catepillar-turned-butterfly
too
Sometimes I look
at **y**our beautiful wings
and
I'm afraid you'll drift away
before I ever know.

donna

It was hot. One of those days when the air hangs heavy and dusty and dry. The dog laid in the shade since eight A.M. and by ten the heat was so oppressive the flies refused to buzz.

It was my 16th birthday today, a major milestone in a life which I was sure would be marked by tragedy. Other kids would be sixteen today and their parents would let them get their licenses. I didn't even know how to drive. I had resigned myself to a poor boy's fate. My parents simply didn't have the insurance money and although I understood the situation, that didn't mean it was right. The day was getting hotter and longer.

My oldman mumbled something about going to the dump and needing some help. Words stumbled out of my mouth in a disinterested reply. We made sure eyes never met...an unwritten agreement. It was easy not talking to my oldman, he made no demands. I would do as I was asked. It was too hot

to breath, never mind argue.

We loaded three rusty 55 gallon drums of trash and treasure into the Willys. It was a relic, vintage 49', equipped with all the extras including vent holes where they weren't meant to be.

It was eight miles to the dump and the silence of the journey wasn't hot; when it was hot, it was mandatory.

We fell out of the sweatbox, dropped the tailgate and propped up the window with a block of wood. Two barrels unloaded themselves, pouring their cargo over the ground. We had to lug the third drum and the oldman jammed his finger. Cursing and screaming, he berated my intelligence, "How can you be so smart one minute and so stupid the next! " It was too hot to argue even listen.

We threw ourselves into the crate and the Willys turned over again, christening yet another journey in that death trap. Half way home the old man slowed up, steered toward a bank of dust and the coach groaned to a halt.

He pointed a grimy mechanic's finger at the dusty dashboard and carved out what appeared to be a not too perfect "H".

It hit me with the night of a thousand thunder bolts; he was talking to me, I was going to drive. The "H" was a diagram of the gear shift, next came the clutch, next came the brakes, and the accelerator, then came the lecture and finally at long last came that incredible brass ignition key. It wasn't hot anymore. My spine had turned into a column of ice on the verge of fracturing.

A banshee pounded the inside of my skull, scrambling all thought. I was going to puke if that know in my stomach didn't unravel. I was positive that I'd already wet my pants, or would by the time we got home...assuming we ever would get home.

The engine turned over, I was a success. The clutch didn't co-operate. I was a failure. The oldman spewed out advice peppered with curses but by some miracle the car began to move. I was driving.

With speed came the inevitable shift and the buck and the grind and the curse. I was at the helm and it was my ship. For what it was worth, the oldman placed his life in my hands.

I drove faster, dancing over, through and into winter's frost heaves. The faster I drove, the more power I had. The fear of failing had died and the sweat running down my face was ever so cool. It didn't seem hot any more.

I shot a glance toward the oldman. He seemed to be looking at me, but that couldn't be. He never looked at me before why should our eyes touch now? I chanced another look and for the first time I saw his eyes. They said, "Happy Birthday son, Happy Birthday."

B. R. Hardy

She used to sit there so erect
in the midst of her harvest gold.
Beneath her old coat she was spare
of flesh, and here beheld life with joy.
It was easy to see she lived close
to the earth. Her hands were butter-
nut brown and her face bespoke of
weather, the wind, the rain and the sun.
Speckles of humus clung to her boots,
reminder of barnyards past.
I called her Pumpkin Woman.
The place where she sat is vacant
now. No more will my eyes behold
that daughter of earth, sitting amidst
her bounteous harvest of gold.

"To watch the waters..." by Frank D. Kelley.

To watch the waters
wash a fish upon the shore
is to see life wash
a soul upon heaven's door.
The sea of Satan's court
all the blackness and pain
the sky of my God
with the cleansing rain.
A friend so long away,
our love upon the shore,
for destiny was waiting,
waiting at heaven's door.

"With measured steps..." by Allan Connolly

With Measured steps I walk the line
from green to withered brown.
The burning trees, they call to me
with death's song all around.
But from within the darkened womb
it looks, it looks unending.
Just when the step grows ever sure
the lid, it starts its closing.
For line we must, a string of men,
or unto the other;
but when the one before is gone
the next will be his brother.

A SMALL CONTRADICTION WOULDN'T YOU SAY

Ever since the events at Munich, international hysteria has risen against the Arab peoples. All Arabs are accused of being "potential terrorists". This all seems strange when you think of how this idea of "collective guilt" came about and who are the loudest denouncers of terror. The idea of "collective guilt" was first developed by Hitler as an excuse to murder six million innocent Jews. Now Zionists apply it against all Arabs. The loudest cries against terror come from the Zionist government of Israel and the United States. Zionists, under Ben-Gurion in 1948, terrorized Palestinians into leaving their own land for refugee camps in other Arab countries. Israel also makes terrorist raids on Arabs living in Syrian and Lebanese villages in order to force these governments to crack down on Palestinian liberation fighters living in their countries.

Not wanting to be outdone when it comes to denouncing acts of terror, Nixon, the man responsible for constant terror in Vietnam, has also condemned the Arab people. In the U.S., the government is "screening" all Arab people living here. Nixon is harassing innocent Arabs, while at the same time, closing his eyes to the terrorist attacks committed by the Jewish Defense League (JDL) in this country.

In West Germany, two leading Palestinian student and worker organizations were banned and 100 Palestinians were deported. A small, Palestinian bookstore in France was bombed. On October 16, 1972 a leading representative of Al Fatah was assassinated in Italy. Not one word of protest has come from the mouths of these so-called "anti-terrorists" concerning these acts or the bombing of innocent Arab villages.

It is not the Palestinians who are the terrorists in the Middle-East. The real terrorists are the Zionists government of Israel and her Western supporters. The whole history of Israel is marked with terror attacks against the Arabs whose nation they stole to set up their Zionist state. The U.S. government is also far more guilty of terrorist acts than any Palestinian group. Everyday the U.S. unleashes more terror on the small country of Vietnam than has ever been heretofore known in the history of the world.

This article was not written as an attack against the Jewish people. It was written against the Zionist government of Israel which is feeding anti-Semitic beliefs through, its terror against the Arab peoples, its support of U.S. imperialism in Southeast Asia and its support of the white, racist governments of South Africa and Rhodesia. Jews have every right to live free from discrimination, but no one has the right to steal another peoples' country.

The next time you hear someone denouncing terrorism stop and think about who is doing the denouncing. Don't allow your self to be taken in by racist, anti-Arab hysteria. The real terrorists are the Zionist government of Israel and the mass murderers in Washington.

SUPPORT SELF*DETERMINATION FOR PALESTINE
EARL CAMIRE

Don't Get Fooled Again

I would like to address all of those who were shattered and disillusioned on November 7th.

Dispite all the publicity and the dedication of the McGovern supporters and campaign workers; once again it was solidly and cruelly proven that the only change that can be made in this foul and dehumanizing system is that which is forced upon the ruling class by the independent masses in the streets of this country.

Already the real power brokers of the Democratic Party: the reactionary Humphries, Jacksons, Meanys and Daleys and their billionaire entrepeneur backers are moving to scrap what little progressiveness the McGovern Commission had put into the party.

But now is not the time to abandoned the struggle. Now is the time to unite against the oppressors. We are free of the whole electoral garbage for four years. It is the time for all progressive forces to put aside their political differences and begin to unite around the only means to defeat war, racism, sexism and all the other oppressive tools of the capitalists; that is the independent mass movements so vital to our survival as humans.

Bob Lord

NOW MORE THAN EVER

The same man who sold the American people a bill of goods in 1968 has again tricked the voters into re-electing him as President in 1972. Four years ago, Nixon was elected because he had a secret plan that would bring a speedy end to the war. Now the "Mad Dike Bomber" claims to have another "peace plan". This plan is just as phoney as the plan of 1968. Fighting will continue until the corrupt capitalist-landlord regime is destroyed and replaced by a workers and peasant government. All Nixon's plan is, is another way to keep the proimperialist Saigon government in power.

Nixon knows that the Vietnamese are under tremendous pressure to give up their struggle against U.S. domination. During the same time Washington has been building up Saigon's military power, Moscow and Peking have been "doling out aid through an eyedropper." The Soviet Union and China have been giving the Vietnamese liberation forces only minimal aid despite their claims to be Vietnam's greatest allies. While bombs were raining down on Vietnam, the leaders of these so-called allies of the Vietnamese were wining and dining with Dick. The only force that has constantly defended the Vietnamese peoples' right to self-determination, has been the international anti-war movement.

The Vietnamese may be forced to grant Nixon some concessions because they are under fire. It is up to us to oppose these concessions and to continue our support for the Vietnamese liberation

struggle. We must keep the pressure on the mass leaders of Washington demanding, total, immediate, unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. forces from S Asia and no right at all to negotiate anything except the amount of reparations to be paid to the Vietnamese people.

The defeat of George McGovern has discouraged many anti-war activists. Now is not the time to give up though. King Richard claims his landslide victory is a mandate to continue with his policy of mass murder. We must show him that we are more opposed to the war than ever. The eyes of the whole nation are now on the American people. Are we going to just sit back and allow Nixon to bleed the courageous Vietnamese people while claiming our support? We must be more visible in our opposition to the war than ever before. We must show Nixon, by mass demonstrations in the streets, that the only peace plan we will accept is, "U.S. Out of South-East Asia Now."

U.S. OUT NOW!

EARL CAMIRE

The mass media has symbolized a condition in this country, a condition where the people are not concerned with debating the issue, that is, not concerned with weighing and considering the facts and opinions presented, but rather, they loquaciously disparage the individual and the personality. The massmedia portrays people to be more concerned with character assassination than with the issues.

If the media has been successful in brainwashing us to such an extent that our behavior reflects these traits, then we have become irascible, extremely immature, selfish creatures not worthy of the classification Homo-Sapien; Men the Wise.

Only through serious evaluation of ourselves, only through truthful introspection, can we hope to recognize the existence of these traits. Therefore, each of us, as individuals, must consult ourselves and not be afraid to do so, not be afraid of what we may find lurking in the backs of our minds. The proof of this phenomenon's existence lies solely within us, and only we can condemn or exonerate ourselves.

If we find that our thinking is based upon the irrelevant and illogical process of Argumentum ad Hominem, that is, when, instead of trying to disprove the proof of what has been asserted, one attacks the man who made the assertion, then we must strive to change our personalities no matter how it may hurt us to admit that we were wrong, no matter how difficult we find it to abandon our false egos.

It is our responsibility to ourselves, to our contemporaries, to our country, and to the future citizens of the world, to insure that our thinking is logical and not erroneous, to insure that we debate the issue solely upon the facts and opinions presented and personality of those present.

Al Sunkis

I don't know how anybody else feels about Dawn Wedgwood's article about our population crisis, but I feel that the editor of a college newspaper should do a little more than read science-fiction and use it as a source of reference for her column.

I didn't realize anyone could be that unaware of our environmental crisis that they would resort to science-fiction just to write in a newsletter.

If she wants to write in a newsletter and be informative and accurate, there are a number of things she could do to gain some insight on the subject. The library is one good source. Another would be the ecology club now on campus that is there for recycling, information, and trying to get people involved. Maybe they could be of assistance. Another source for her column is a course called Man and His Environment. With the information gained there, even Dawn Wedgwood could write an interesting and factual column. Man is a threatened species and no author of science-fiction is going to bail us out. What we do need is more awareness and involvement.

Kevin Scanlon

The main objective of the article written on the population problem in the last issue of Parnassus was not to be a conglomeration of facts, but to try to open peoples eyes as to how bad the situation involving over-population could possibly become. Dr. Paul Erlich is a well known figure on various different aspects of the environment and could hardly be called science-fiction, and the information credited to him was used to possibly enlighten a few members of our student body.

If you have anything you have written or would like to write, either concerning this specific realm of ecology or any other, I'd be more than happy to accept it.

Dawn Wedgwood

Poem from Jail

When you go to court after being busted
And say goodbye to friends you trusted
The judge stands up and says committed
And now you're sorry for the things you admitted
You get a fast ride and sent off to a jail
And this there ain't gone to be no bail
You get there and go through the gate
You say goodbye to the streets and start to wait
You get booked, clothed and inspected
And your time starts as you expected
Letters are read until there torn
Clothes are used until there worn
The minutes are hours, the hours are days
You sit and do your time the best possible way
No women, no children, no toilets, no chairs,
No feeling, no love and nobody cares.
Sometimes you feel like crying
Other times you feel like dying
You got a stinger, a cup, a broom,
a bed, a box, all in your room
You can watch television or walk the tiers
But no girls or whiskey or even a beer
You get visits from people that love and care
They bring you newspapers, cigarettes, and underwear

Then half time comes finally at last
You go to the parole board to see if you pass
Then they turn you down and you want to scream
For they just shot the hell out of your dreams
Then the time gets long and boredom sets in
As the second half of your bit begins
You get bitter and angry and full with hate
For day after day you just sit and wait
Then something happens to break up your bit
Like someone got stabbed or someone got hit
You begin to have faith and start to pray
Cause with Jesus Christ you a better day
You go to church or bible class
Cause these things make the time pass
You have a down day or something sad
And sit and wonder why you had
You search for meaning and feeling that's real
For there's something in life better than to steal

In jail there are many ways to do time
For you can make it bad or you can make it fine
What you do is all up to you
For it's your time to get through
At last the time is here you wait for
This is the day you walk out the door
What happens now is up to you...

---David Berube



Photo by Peter Merlin.

